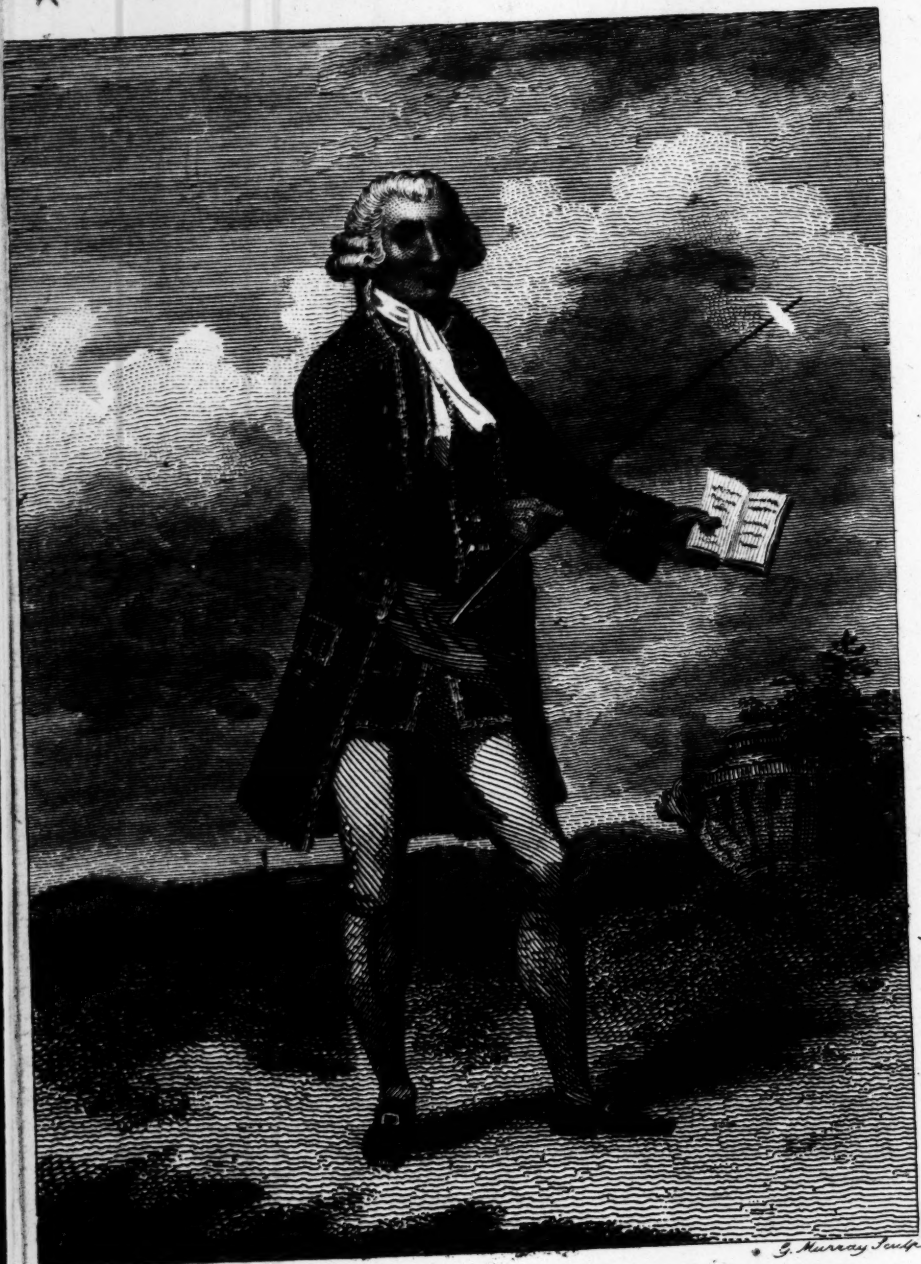
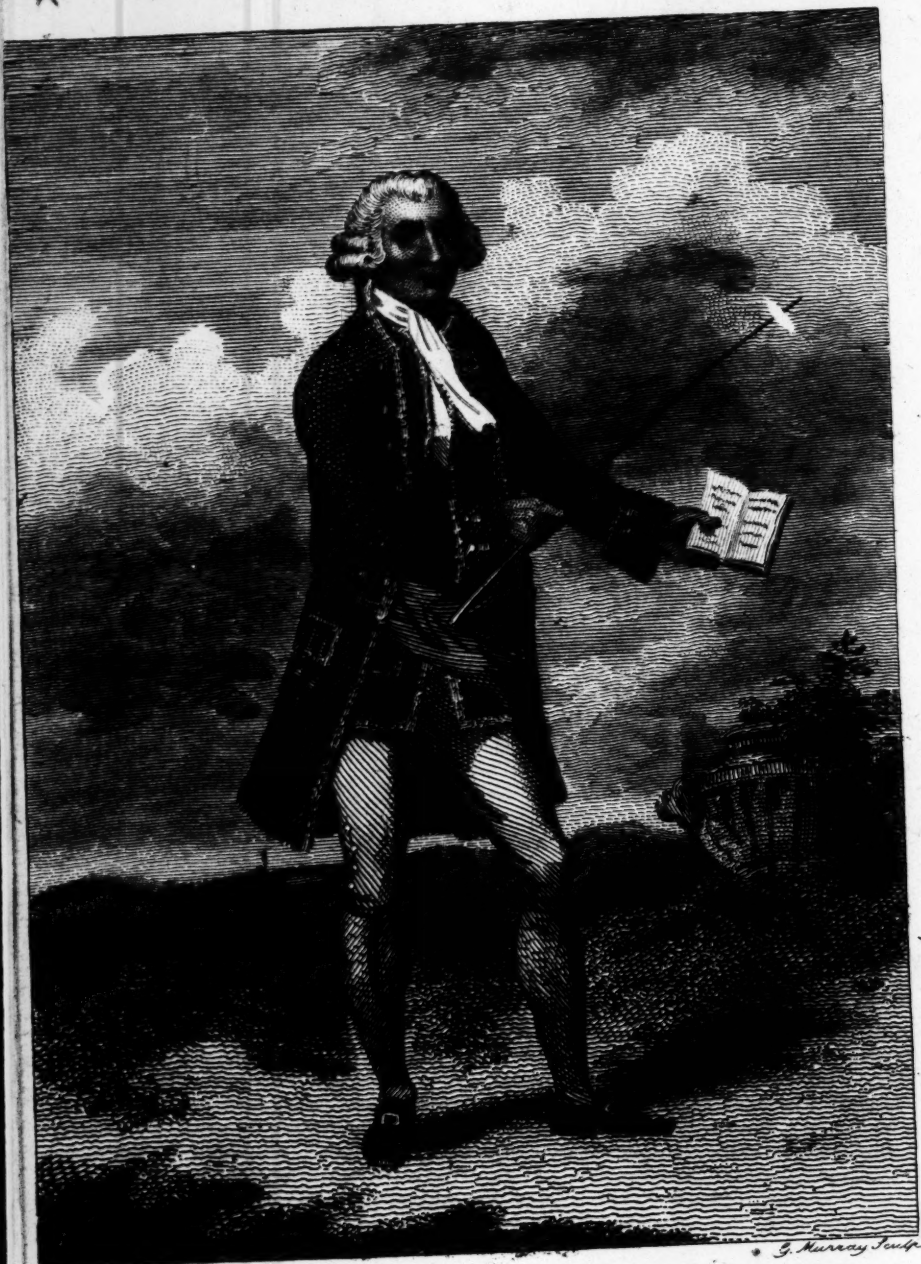




Cruikshank del.

MR. JOHNSTONE AS TULLY.



Cruikshank del.

MR. JOHNSTONE AS TULLY.

TULLY'S RAMBLES;
OR AN
IRISHMAN'S TOUR
THROUGH LONDON AND WESTMINSTER;
AN HIBERNIAN PASTICIO.

AS RECITED AND SUNG
With Universal Applause by Mr. JOHNSTONE,
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

AND IN
The NEW ENTERTAINMENT of
READINGS AND MUSIC
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.
K

LONDON:

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2

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TULLY'S RAMBLES &c.

DIALOGUE.

BEHOLD from the Shannon's sweet banks my dear
honey !

Little Tully the pleasing and great Ciceroni !

Who talking by word of mouth—faith—as folks say,

Explain'd all the *obstacles* came in his way :

'Squire Whimmy's improvements, big, little and small,

And his *Hermit* ! who wasn't no *Hermit* at all.

I've got rid of my place—Och ! the first in the nation,

If it wasn't at *last*, I'd so much boderation !

I've been here a week, firs, within*—half a minute,

Seen Dublin—pooh ! London, and all that is in it ;

Pleas'd to view all around—quite behind there, before me,

In speech I'll be silent—and sing out my story.

B

Which

* Looking at his watch.



[

Which shall like an orator's talking, explain,
 What I've seen and not seen—in a musical strain;
 First and foremost—no stop honey—that must come last;
 I speak of the present—so—that you know's past.

A I R.

GREAT squares here I've seen, faith! as round as a
 table,

And fields where there blossoms the devil of a tree,
 View'd the muses agra, ev'ry one was a stable,
 Instead of learn'd ladies, describ'd unto me;

Such coaching and carting it, faith! and such bustle,
 Such beautiful ladies, so free and so gay—

Och hone! but I've oft had a bit of a tussle;

Row'd with old 12 o'clock lads, and leather'd away.

With my whack fal de ral, the sweet charmers I doat on,

I'll fight, drink and sing, for the whole of their clan:

My affections are flopp'd—by the powers the whole tote on

For a general lover,—Och Tully's your man.

D I A L O G U E.

THE first walk I took by myself—I must own

I'd the arm of a friend, whom I never had known!

A relation of sweet Mistress Maggs that old tabby!

Who shew'd me the beauties of Westminster Abbey;

And I, like a good Poet, for glory all rise,

In a nice marble uniform habited neatly,
 You may view ev'ry vein, (so they told me) compleatly :
 They lie 'gainst the wall so high, nothing can rout 'em,
 But I'll tell you how I Ciceronied about 'em.

C H A U N T.

HERE lies—no, by the Powers ! no one lies here at
 all, firs,
 Becase, he can't be under ground, whose nob's up 'gainst
 the wall, firs :
 But here *lies* old Oxford's countess, and a long while may
 she lie here.

Before she tells a lie to any body passing by here.

Here also lies Venus the God of Med'cine—no--at home
 that strapping jade is,
 I mean Richard the Second — a countess fair — kind
 gentlemen and ladies ;
 And in this tomb—I'm puzzled to get out, my describing
 book*—I want, firs :
 Oh, here lies Humph'ry Freak Whimmy, Esq.—no, the
 sword of John of Gaunt, firs.

From my describing book by heart, their praise I'll mag
 and chatter,
 And make you all so wise, like me, you'll know—just
 nothing of the matter.

B2

Here

* Takes out his describing Book.

Here likewise lies—faith ! ev'ry one lies here a man can
mention ;

But I should tell a damn'd lie, if I'd lie here for either
place or pension.

D I A L O G U E.

ST. PAULS.

AFTER seeing this sight, quite alive brisk and hearty,
I went all alone with a very snug party ;

We pranc'd to St. Pauls with the devil of a stride,
But we cou'dn't get in, so I saw the outside.

It was rail'd round about, I remark'd that at once,
With a cross and black night-cap that cover'd its sconce,

A big block in the front, and a fine tall stone lady :
I suppose she'd just tramt it from Westminster Abbey.

TOWER.

Then we went to the Tower there so strong and so big ;
But the centry men lik'd not the cut of my wig,

They swore I a foreigner's features had borrow'd !

So you see I came back as I cou'dn't get forward !

I was tould too the lions awaking or sleeping, [ping.

Would bark and bite like a lap-dog, to spoil my fine pee-

MASQUERADE.

Well at night 'mong strange creatures I made a parade,
At a kind of a shew, call'd a Mag—Masquerade ;

Where

Where all sorts of comical capers are plann'd,
 And original jokes, honey, all second hand, [seen :
 With their peepers quite hid, such blind work was there
 What's the matter, says I—what can all this fun mean.

A I R.

THERE were lawyers, and devils, and doctors together,
 Because I am told birds will flock of a feather,
 By my soul, but I wish'd 'em all strung in a tether,
 Such capers and anticks they play'd ;
 For dear, dear, what can the matter be,
 Ma'am, says I, to a Turk, pray what can the matter be?
 O' Blood and Oons you ne'er such a clatter see,
 As at this grand Masquerade.

II.

Jews, Jugglers and Gentiles, each-other were humming,
 Pipes play'd, dancers spruce an their drumsticks were
 drumming :

Thinks I all's so crazy, confusion's a coming,

Such comical capers they play'd,

'Twas Dear, dear, what could the matter be ?

Oh, Blood and Oons, I ne'er such a clatter see ;

So I scamper'd off, as if old Nick was after me,

And left them, and their grand Masquerade.

Next morning I march'd to St. James's d'ye see,
 To peep at—God bless him, the King's Majesty ;
 Where virtue I learn't does a Queen's heart expand,
 And their race are united in one social band.

My heart, loyal ardour impetuous affails,
 And I bawl'd out, long life to the sweet Prince of Wales;
 A subject's affection my soul did employ—
 When my king I don't honor, why let Tully die :

Then finding my stomach an appetite scented,
 My friend and myself, sat us both down contented ;
 To eat a good dinner—as victuals were scarce,
 What we wanted in solids, we made up in sauce.

That finish'd, we both stuck so close to the barrel :
 Currant whisky I mean—that we fell to a quarrel ;
 So war was declar'd with a kind of a frown,
 And by way of peace off'ring, I just knock'd him down.

A I R.

OCH ! friendship's a jewel both early and lately,
 A drop of the creature that warms us compleatly,
 But if it proves false—why your Honors and please you,
 To the Devil I pitch it with Corporal Casey !
 Oh rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 Rub a dub, row de row, Corporal Casey !
 With a silencer quickly false friendship's made easy,
 And soon kicks the bucket like Corporal Casey.

II.

Such a sweet babe is friendship, 'tis a pity to starve it,
 While I've a whole thirteen with friendship I'll halve it,
 But

But deceit would Insanity's self make run crazy.

So to the Devil I pitch'd it with Corporal Casey.

Oh rub a dub, &c.

So you see the next morning, or some time before,

My friend rises, and writes blackguard up 'gainst my d

Away then I trudg'd it, without fret or foam :

Knock'd, and ask'd his sweet tit, was her master at h

No fir, says the poppet as smart as a wren.

Then says I, ere I go, why I'll call once again.

I thought he might want me (if not making game)

For he left on my door, chalk'd this morning his nam

Och! I then snatch'd a kiss, she compliant did prov

Slapp'd my face, and my cheeks glow'd all over with

A I R. (*Planxty.*)

YOU may walk, fail, or gallop, or canter,

Or ride down the stream along shore,

If you find e'er a lass can supplant her ;

I'll ne'er sing her praises no more.

Her heart as a chicken is tender,

Her beauty eclipses the sun :

To talk on't I'm but a pretender,

And ending just where I begun.

With my whack fal de ral, &c.

Och, sweet Sheelagh's my own Gramachree.

S

So you see then I bundled away to the shew—
 Saw myself taken off a few minutes ago ;
 By one Johnstone, who's like me in figure and fashion.
 So much, that I'm sure he must be a relation.
 He told me, och hone, and I'll tell it to you,
 That to ev'ry one here, his best wishes are due,
 Your plaudits obtain'd, his heart rapturous glows,
 And the warm flame of gratitude tenderly overflows.

A I R.

ARRAH sweet is your smile, 'twill my senses beguile,
 And without any toil,
 Make my heart dance so cheerily :
 That smile to obtain, Oh! I'd strive ev'ry vein,
 And smile back again, ev'ry feature set merrily ;
 My heart warms too fast, for my tongue ere to last,
 Long speeches that pass. Friends all thanks now I
 donor ye,
 For *words* I'll not seek, but just let my heart speak,
 It dances delight—is proud here to honor ye,
 Conviviality,
 Joy and hilarity,
 In equal parity,
 May you ever taste—
 Grief ne'er fully,
 Happiness fully,
 Be yours ; says poor Tully,
 As long as old Time shall last.

T H E
INSOLVENT DEBTOR,

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Written by J. C. Cross.

Composed and Sung by Mr. GRAY.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life ;
Friends and traffic fulfill'd each desire,
As true and as good, as she's fair was my wife,
And my babes lisp'd the joy of their fire.

II.

But Misfortune, dire spectre, my hopes did depress,
And villainy injur'd my fame ;
My credit once great, ev'ry moment grew less,
And friendship I found but a name.

III.

A hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,
His soul was ne'er form'd to relieve !
He plung'd me, alas ! in a prison's recess,
Depriv'd of all sense but to grieve.

IV.

No friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,
 My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear,
 My children—but why of their woes should I speak—
 It drives me, alas ! to despair.

V.

Sharp misery stings—fortune hovers around,
 The life springs of comfort are dry ;
 No relief for so woe-worn a wretch can be found,
 But to hide his despair and to die.

THE POOR MARINER.

A BALLAD.

Written by J. C. Cross.

THE winds whistled shrilly, chill rain down was stream-
 ing,
 From a dark cell where Phæbus ne'er darted a beam in ;
 Vorn out by great age, press'd by hunger and grief,
 A sad son of Neptune crawl'd forth for relief !
 " Give relief, oh ! give relief !
 " Oh, give relief to a poor Mariner !

He

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent pass'd him,
 " The poor mite benevolent charity'd cast him !"
 While from his dim eyes, hid by darkness thick veil,
 The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale.

" Give relief, oh ! give relief !

" Oh, give relief to a poor Mariner !

" When Hawke and Boscawen rode lords of the ocean,
 " The foes of my king, have felt this arm's motion ;
 " This *hand* grasp'd a sword, dealt death to *Gaul's resist-*
 " *ance,*

" Tho' now feebly, thus, *extended for assistance.*

" Give relief, oh ! give relief !

" Oh, give relief to a poor Mariner !

" These eyes oft have seen the proud foe sink before me,
 " Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory ;
 " Have seen Britain's flag to conquest aspire,—
 " Tho'—now lost in darkness, for want I expire.

" Give relief, oh ! give relief !

" Oh, give relief to a poor Mariner !

" My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,
 " I've bled at each vein to support freedom's cause :
 " The billows of danger have stemm'd without dread,
 " But faintly I struggle, *now, beg for my bread.*

" Give relief, oh ! give relief !

" Oh, give relief to a poor Mariner !

"Alight me!"—he said, the words quivering hung,
 In accents most piteous on the veteran's tongue;
 When the grim king of terrors his suff'rings regarded,
 And snatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's rewarded
 Death gave relief—'twas Death gave relief—
 Death gave relief to the poor Mariner.

BURLESQUE SONG.

*Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, in the character of Cassander,
 in Alexander the Little, at the Theatre Royal,
 Covent Garden.*

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

WHEN war with horrid din,
 Flirts, and flings, and vapours,
 Death's on the broad grin,
 To see the blades cut capers;
 So when prophets roar,
 "My bed that I a'n't safe in!"
 I think it all a bore,
 And crack my sides with laughing.
 Tol lol, &c.

II.

When tongues in rage declare,
 That red hot war we're waging,

I'll fight—but let that pass,
 The more I box grow bolder,
 My *second* is my glafs,
 Myself the *bottle holder*.

Tol lol, &c.

Tho' Alexander—Pshaw!—

Be term'd a fighting fellow,
 He never nabs eclat,

'Till boozings made him mellow;
 And if with me the prig,
 Would fight for crowns and plunder,
 Him *sucky* soon I'd *fwig*,
 And make the Don knock under.

Tol lol, &c.

CUPID'S BOW,

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, in
 Orpheus and Eurydice.*

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

Composed by Mr. Reeve.

FROM dimpled youth to wrinkled age,
 The hero, monarch, and the sage,
 My rights divine allow—
 And own a throbbing tickling smart,
 Which wantons in each mortals heart;

II.

The rustic swain, the village lass,
Who trip it lighty o'er the grass,
Oft feel they know not how,
And fondly gaze, and faintly sigh,
And shamefac'd blush, they know not why,
When Cupid bends the bow.

III.

Great Jove whom deities adore,
Has often yielded to my pow'r;
And felt his bosom glow:
E'en Pluto vainly 'gainst me strove,
He willing owns the pow'r of love,
When Cupid bends the bow.

OFT I'D WET THE T'OTHER EYE.

*Sung by Mr. MUNDEN, at the Theatre Royal, Covent
Garden. In the Entertainment of Zelma, or the
Will o' the Wisp.*

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

Composed by Mr. Reeve.

WHEN a happy fingle fellow,
Mirth each moment did employ;
Full of frolic, sportive, mellow,
Oft I'd wet the t'other eye,

Rosey, cosey,
 Quaffing, laughing,
 Friends abounding.
 Sorrow drowning;
 That was life, or may I die,
 Rattling, ringing,
 Roaring, singing,
 Glingling glasses,
 Toasting lasses,
 Oh ! what a jolly dog was I.

II.

Foremost at all frisk and funning,
 Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,
 See he looks so spruce and cunning,
 Devil take his roguish eye.
 Rosey, cosey, &c.

III.

Now a bride's brisk tittle tattle,
 Added to my comrades jeers,
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,
 Always dinning in my ears.

Speaking. (Now it's no more) Rosey, cosey, &c.

D U E T.

*Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN and Mr. GRAY, in the
Characters of Cupid and Hymen, in Orpheus and
Enrydice.*

Composed by Mr. Reeve.

CUPID.

IN vain silly mortals expect true delight,
Unless Hymen and Cupid to bless them unite,
Without the soft junction frail couples may rove,
For the fetters of Hymen ne'er bind without love,

HYMEN.

But affection will sweeten the quick pacing hours,
And the curv'd path of life be enamell'd with flowers,
To the altar of happiness gayly they'll move,
When Hymen is borne on the pinions of love.

BOTH.

In vain silly mortals, &c.

A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES.

*An Occasional Address, Spoken in the Character of The
poor Old Woman of Eighty, by Mr. MUNDEN at the
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1794.*

*After the Comedy of the School for Wives, and previous
to a new Farce, called the Packet Boat.*

Speaks Ent'ring.

BE quiet—don't flee so—I'm right I'll be bound,

Enters.

My blushes excuse—to near fainting I'm hurried—
Again I'm your *servant*—(*Curties.*) Oh dear ! how I'm
flurried.

Yet least this intrusion may strange like appear,
If you please, I'll just intimate what brought me here ;
'Tis my birth-day—exactly—I'm eighty—no more ;
Pray a'n't I a good-looking girl of fourscore ?
I hoped recreation might fall in my way,
As I wish'd to be merry—so went to the play :
New brooms sweep so clean ! and new places so please,
That to get into Drury I ventur'd a squeeze,
The fight was quite charming ! the big and the little,
The old, young, rich, poor, feggs ! it suits to a tittle ;
They've alter'd their plan tho', and much frighten'd I
found,

To save us from fire we were all to be drown'd !
Nay, to keep its approach from spectators more certain,
A Fire Escape's made of a stout Iron Curtain.
I saw while I wept too, my eyes red as ferret's,
No ghost—but abundance of strange colour'd spirits,
And a boat row'd across seem'd as light as a fly,
I didn't think scullermen thereabouts ply,
If I did, and on water went pleasuring again,
I'd be row'd up the river all through Drury-lane.
No wonder, that folks their allurements so follow,
Old Shakespeare's within, and without young Apollo !
Well before all was over, I *bundles* below,
Left the newest new house, to see here a new show.

I was told you'd a school that would cause strange emotions,
 To virgins like me, who have conjugal notions ;
 That lesson I've lost—and regret—yet I've come,
 As a Packet Boat passenger—pray have you room ?
 I was squeez'd coming in so, by wives, maids, and spouses,
 That pettish I cry'd out, *a Plague on both Houses*.
 Yet still I admire 'em—to please they're so ready,
Here plain as a quaker, *there* gay as a lady,
 So anxious to merit your smiles, and so civil.
 To oblige you I'm told, they sometimes raise the devil :
 Revive Doctor Faustus, to Switzerland roam—
 Thank heaven, I find here I'm always at home.
 I'd been poz'd through to see 'em, and give this relation,
 If a youth of a soldier had not ta'en compassion,
 My charms surely struck him!—he prais'd my bright
 eye,
 Gain'd my heart! ask'd my hand—Lord! I could not
 deny,
 So though hopes oft are marr'd, and a long while I've tar-
 ried,
 After eighty years waiting—I soon shall get married,
 And if it so please you (a thing not uncommon),
 To laugh at the tale of a simple old woman ;
 The husband pray patronize, smile on the wife,
 And make this the happiest hour of my life.

SONG.

S O N G.

WRITTEN BY _____.

HOW good and how kind of his dear Majesty,
 In the midst of his matters so weighty,
 To think of so lonely a creature as I,
 A poor Old Woman of Eighty.

II.

John Smart is as likely a lad as you'll see,
 And he's one, that will never say nay to ye,
 Only think what a comfort he'll be unto me,
 A poor, &c.

III.

Was the smarts to come round me, and praise every
 Says I, I have nothing to say to ye, [charm,
 I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm.
 Tho' a poor, &c.

IV.

Then fear not ye lasses, who're long past your youth,
 You soon may get lovers to pray to ye,
 Only think of my case, who have but one tooth,
 A poor, &c.

SONG

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Helme at the Royalty Theatre, and
Mr. Tyler, at the Theatre, Portsmouth.*

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS.

OLD England begirt with the wealth teeming sea,
Whose castles o'er ocean incessantly float ;
Whose sons Magna Charta proclaims to be free,
And whose commerce is wing'd to domains most remote.
Revering their Monarch, a race truly brave,
To actions of glory their spirits attune, [wave,
Witness Gaul's shatter'd hulks on the blood crimson'd
And Howe's noble deeds on the fam'd First of June.

II.

Our tars ever ready their isle to protect.
Its bulwark, its pride, who maintain every right :
Led to glory, on danger disdain to reflect,
But cry Britons strike home, and prepare for the fight.
Our wide spreading canvas was kiss'd by the gale,
Which wafted to victory, each British prow ;
Plough'd boldly the billows the foe to assail,
Led on to the combat by glory and Howe.

III.

In each British bosom true valour is found,
To his God, to his King, and his Country true,
Our guns hurl'd defiance in thunder around,
Desperation near madden'd the enemy's crew—

Fierce,

Fierce, fierce, rag'd the battle, brave mariners bled,
 'Gainst Gaul's vaunting navy we struck the vast blow
 They yielded, were sunk, destroy'd, captur'd or fled:
 Success to our navy, long life to brave Howe !

S O N G S.

*Introduced in the Entertainment of Mirth's Museum :
 or the Country Club : as Performed at the Lyceum
 in the Strand.*

The whole of the Music composed by Mr. Reeve,

WRITTEN BY J. C. CROSS,

S O N G.

IN the great and the little world, view but society,
 Whim, Laugh, and Character never will flag ;
 Each hour as it glides will produce such variety,
 You'll ne'er want an Oddity, Quiz, or a Wag :
 So, faith, we've no cause to quote fiction, beguiling,
 For Nature will furnish each whimsical elf ;
 At a Wag or an Oddity still you'll be smiling,
 Nature's brush'd up an oddity sure in myself.

Then let a smile play in each feature,
 For, tho' a mere Tale of a Tub,
 You'll find, we hope, some oddish creature,
 Will please at our Country Club.

II.

The whimsical being, whose wit's unrelenting,
 Of thousand strange schemes and expedients can brag,
 Such as squibs tied to wigs, crackers--all that's tormenting!
 A friend's face besmutterd—proclaims him a Wag!
 Quite waggish you'll find, too, that blustering blade is,
 Who wags his squar'd elbows to deal waggish thumps
 On watchmen, when sleeping, to guard us, whose trade 'tis:
 As to poor silly me,—I'm a wag in the dumps.
 Then let, &c.

III.

Then your Oddities! half the world oddness has borrow'd,
 Such singular Quizzes! so strange and so queer!
 Your pardon—for, faith, if I look but straight forward,
 'Tis odds but I meet with some oddities here!
 Don't let me offend, tho', by such observations;
 We crave your indulgence,—pray grant us our boon?
 Or you'll leave me, alas! should you quit your warm
 stations,
 A singular Oddity singing alone.
 Then let, &c.

 THE LAVENDER GIRL.

A BALLAD.

WHENE'ER I view the opening dawn,
 And ruddy streaks bepaint the sky;

Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram, sweet ;
 The daisy, pied, the snow-drop, fair ;
 And cry 'em through each lane and street :
 But now my cry's " Sweet Lavender :"
 Four bunches a penny, sweet lavender !
 Four bunches a penny.

II.

My dad and mammy, both, no more !
 By my own labour must I live ;
 But Heaven's manna feeds the poor,
 And orphans oft its aid receive.
 Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram sweet ;
 The daisy, pied, the snow-drop, fair ;
 I cry through every lane and street :
 But now my cry's " Sweet Lavender."
 Four, &c.

III.

Oft pitying hearts to hear me hie,
 With thanks is ta'en the smallest aid ;
 And gratitude calls forth a sigh,
 From your poor little orphan maid.
 Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram sweet,
 The daisy, pied, the snow-drop, fair ;
 I cry through every lane and street :
 But now my cry's " Sweet Lavender."
 Four, &c.

THE VESTRY DINNER.

A COMIC BALLAD.

Churchwarden I've been, let me see!—very often,
 You know 'tis a place of much trust;
 And its monstrous fatigues and its hardships to soften,
 We eat, aye, and drink 'till we burst;
 We meet, and we talk about how and concerning,
 As spokesman I'm always beginner!
 But never so pleas'd as to give out this warning,
 "Next Monday's a Vestry Dinner."
 And none but an ill, foul-mouth'd fellow'd abuse
 A snug little dinner and plenty of booze.

II.

At jobs, parish-meetings, how oft I've attended,
 And talk'd 'till I'd chatter'd my fill,
 How things were so bad, that they ought to be mended
 But first—we all swallow'd our jill;
 For why? talk's fatiguing, and moisture is wanting
 By all speakers, or else I'm no sinner!
 And to make us more thirsty, to hear all were panting,
 "Next Tuesday's a Vestry Dinner."

And none, &c.

III. When.

III.

When talking of paupers it so hurts one's feelings,
 (Indeed I'm not dealing a sham,)
 So preys on the *nervous* you'll oft see us reeling,
 Though nothing we've touch'd but a dram;
 But 'ere we have settled about the relieving
 Each famish'd and half-starv'd poor grinner,
 I cries in the midst of our sorrow and grieving,
 "Next We'n'fday's a Vestry Dinner!"
 And none, &c.

IV.

Feasts on Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday follow,
 On bus'ness 'tis always we dine!
 Well-fed argument, folks say, your starv'd talk beats
 hollow,
 When moisten'd with tongue-oiling wine!
 Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his senses,
 Fine picking he'll find on the bone!
 Ev'ry week day I feast upon parish expences,
 And on Sunday I fast at my own-
 And none but an ill, foul-mouth'd fellow'd refuse
 A snug little dinner and plenty of booze.

MESSMATES AT SEA.

A BALLAD.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honest Jack,
 Mat Midships, too, was there,

Who'd the corn of life

The glasses jingled, mirth went round,
 We troll'd a merry glee ;
 And while carousing on dry ground,
 To our Messmates drank at Sea.

II.

Sal Spriggins, who was there d'ye mind.
 And she was all my pride !
 Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,
 And we sat side by side :
 " Dear Jack," says she, " my heart will break,
 " When you're far off from me.
 " Lord ! Sal," says I, " a noggin take,
 " To our Messmates out at Sea."

III.

A thousand other toasts we gave,
 With mirth our cabins ring !
 " May a Briton never be a slave !
 " The navy ! George our King !
 At length (from toping I ne'er shrunk,)
 It somehow seem'd to me,
 I could see plainest, when blind drunk,
 To my Messmates drink at Sea.

IV, Love

IV.

Love of our Isle my heart commands,
 For Britain's fame I burn,
 Where native freedom pipes all hands,
 And steps from stem to stern ;
 From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,
 But douse life's colours free ;
 Yet while at anchor here, I'll drink
 To my Messmates out at Sea,

 THE ANTIQUITY OF BULLS

OR, PADDY'S ORIGIN.

WHEN talking of Bulls, only mention our forefathers
 Fait, and I'll bet the long odds,
 You'll find, from authority, carning of yore gathers,
 We're in a straight line from the gods :
 For Jupiter's self, when Europa he courted,
 (Wid love and *discarnment* quite full,)
 Och ! before her the form of a *he-calf* he sported,
 And, pray, was not that like a Bull ?
 Wid your whach fal de ral, honey, bull-makers love !
 For, agra ! we are all the descendants of Jove.

II.

Then wid Læda, sweet soul, aye, in full feather dress'd,
 Sir,
 The *swan* look'd a *goose* to the full,
 And stupidly made a big *bird* of a *beast*, Sir,
 And, pray, was not that like a Bull ?

III.

Then, again, when Jove Hercules got, (that strong elf,
Sir,)

He Amphitrion told to his scull,

Och! my jewel, *I'm you—therefore you're not your-
self,*" Sir ;

And, arrah, that sounds like a Bull !

When talking, &c.

IV.

More I know, but forget—so your glasses be filling,

To flinch from the joke Paddy scorns ;

But, 'till to be tied up in wedlock I'm willing,

Och! fait all my Bulls will want horns.

When talking, &c.

INGRATITUDE, OR THE CAPTIVE.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

MY tale is simple, fraught with woe,

Oft interrupted by a tear,

Which down my furrow'd cheek will flow ;

Its burthen, friendship, insincere,

A friend, involv'd, required my aid—

Can manly feeling be subdued?—

His bondsman I—by him betray'd—

Imprison'd, mourn Ingratitude !

II.

My Anna's fate her looks foretold,
 When cruel bondage bade us part ;
 She, now, alas ! is marble cold !
 And rent in twain my aching heart.
 Fortune ouce cheer'd me with her smile ;
 Now, pent in prison, griefs intrude ;
 I mourn—I ne'er suspected guile,
 Or poison-fraught Ingratitude.

III.

My tender infants, ah ! forbear ;
 With horror is the image fraught ;
 Despair, distraction rages there,
 Oblivious pow'rs ! then banish thought.
 An abject wretch, forgot, forlorn,
 Who pale Misfortune's spectre woo'd,
 Is summon'd to Death's peaceful bourn,
 The victim of Ingratitude.

BONNY WULLY.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

WULLY is a bonny lad,
 Black as a sloe his roguish een ;
 Features make my heart fu' glad,
 Sprightly as his winning mein !

Roses on his cheeks are blowing,
 Gowden locks adown are flowing,
 Sweet his breath as cattle lowing,
 Voice so fast to cheer me :
 Like the bonny bells a ringing,
 He's aw joyful, laughing, singing,
 Merry ditties deftly dinging,
 When my Wully's near me.

II.

Unked am I when alane,
 Moaping a' the live-long day ;
 Yet I think him a' my ane—
 Wully fra me ne'er will stray.
 Roses, &c.

III.

Had I, stead af silver sma',
 The riches baith of land and sea,
 Wully he should have it a' ;
 For Wully he is a' to me,
 Roses, &c.

KNOWING JOE ;

OR, THE SHEW-FOLK.

I was call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
 Old dad taught me wisely to know folk ;
 G-d ! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down,

I could chaunt a good slave, that I know'd very well,
 No boy of my age could talk louder !
 Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell ;
 Of my cleverness, too, none were prouder ;
 So, thinks I, it's better nor following plough,
 To try with these youths, to queer low folk ;
 Their measter I met, so, I made my best bow,
 How do ye do, Sir ? says I,—I'ze a mighty notion
 turning actor man — I be main lissome—boxes a
 wrestles vary pratty—dances a good jig—and can pl
 —the vary divel ! (*Spoken.*)
 Ax'd a ppeace, and so join'd with the Shew-Folk.

II.

The ppeace that I'd got, I detarmin'd to keep,
 But, odzookers ! they all were so drollish !
 Kings, coblers, and taylors ! a prince or a sweep !
 And jaaw'd so at I, I look'd foolish !
 Their daggers and swords, cod ! they handled so cute,
 And their leadies were all so bewitching !
 When I thought to be droll, I was always struck mut
 As the bacon rack hangs in our kitchen :
 They ax'd me to say, how, “ the coach was at door,”
 When were seated above and below folk !
 Feggs ! I was so sheamefac'd, I flopp'd on the floor !
 A kind of a sort of giddiness, seiz'd me all over !—
 candles daunc'd the hays !—twere as dimmish
 Scotch mist ! I dropp'd down dead as a shot ! (*Spoke*

III.

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never wur seen !
 All manner of fancies were playing :
 One night I was sent for to wait on a queen,
 Believes it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk ! (*Spoken.*)
 (Not thinking the plan they were laying !)
 My leady she died on a chair next her spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were pricking !
 At once I scream'd out !—lent her grace such a douse !
 That alive she was soon—aye, and—kicking !
 The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
 And the comical dogs did me so joke !
 That I made but one step, without bidding good *bye*,
 From their steage ; cod ! I never so much as once look-
 ed behind me ;—tumbled over a barrel of thunder—
 knock'd down a hail-storm—roll'd over the sea,—
 darted like lightning through the infarnal regions.

(*Spoken.*)

And so took my leave of the Shew Folk.

GODDESS OF THE SILVER STREAM.

A BALLAD.

NEAR where old Thames, in ample tide,
 So pleasantly is flowing ;
 While wherries o'er its bosom glide,
 And breezes soft are blowing :

A lafe

A lass resides, of beauty rare !
 The Muse's fav'rite theme,
 For she excels each rustic fair ;
 Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

II.

A boatman I, by lucky chance
 One morn I row'd her over ;
 So, gazing, stole a side-long glance,
 And gaz'd myself her lover !
 My feather'd oar forgot its play,
 So sweet her eyes did beam,
 My boat its burthen wish'd to stay,
 Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

III.

Love soon gave language to our eyes,
 Like doves we soon were billing ;
 A smile the pleasing phrase supplies,
 " To wed, dear lad, I'm willing !"
 I took the hint, to church we sped,
 Our joys were not a dream !
 A modest blush her cheeks o'erspread,
 Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

IV.

And now as blyth as blyth can be,
 Or in our cot so cheary,
 She smiling sits upon my knee,

No lot is sure so blest as mine !

Tho' mortal man I seem.

Love bids me taste a bliss *divine*,

Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

THE MARKET LASS.

A BALLAD.

Tho' my dad I must own is but poor,

His cot can each comfort supply,

The vine tendril curls round his door,

And streamlets meander anigh ;

Health reigns and rewards daily toil,

I rise at the lark's early song,

And meeting my swain at the stile,

To market we trip it along.

II.

Sweet scented as blossoms in May,

Butter-prints my neat basket o'erspread,

Milk-white chickens, cream-cheese, I display,

And I'll vouch ev'ry egg is new laid :

To partake in my health-earning toil,

My swain holds it ne'er can be wrong,

Bears the weight of my load with a smile,

As to market we trip it along.

III. Arriv'd.

III.

Arriv'd, soon I purchasers view,
 Sell my stock very oft in a trice,
 Reap the produce to industry due,
 But ne'er charge above market-price,
 Returning, the way we beguile
 With a tale, or a joke, or a song,
 Snatch a warm parting kifs at the stile,
 To our cot then I trip it along.

THE PEDLAR.

A BALLAD.

MERRY lasses, draw near, I'm a Pedlar so gay,
 Just popp'd here, to pay you a visit ;
 Commodities pleasing and smart I display,
 Come out with your money—where is it ?
 What! what! pretty maidens! you all gather round !
 How pleas'd and how smirking you are !
 But which to admire have your pretty looks found,
 Is it me, merry maids, or my ware ?
 For, look ! I've got ribbons and laces,
 And patches to set off your faces ;
 You'll all look like so many graces,
 When deck'd out by me I declare !

And then, I've of bugles and beads such a shew ;
 Befitting the finest fair lady ;
 Besides only look I'm a bit of a beau,
 Now an't I ? so spruce in my pladdie ?
 With my tol de lol lol, &c.
 You all like a merry Scotch laddie.

II.

Adzookers ! fly fawney, don't look so demure !
 If the heart of your lafs, you'd be stealing,
 You must purchase my goods--what a smile--now I'm sure
 'Tis with *me*, she would wish to be dealing :
 What ! what ! &c.

III.

I have tramped it to fairs, for a few years, or so,
 And the fair round me all in a crack, were ;
 O Lord ! I'm so follow'd wherever I go !
 I'm oblig'd to cry—" Lasses fall back there ?"
 What ! what ! &c.

 THE HUNTSMAN'S RHAPSODY,

OR, THE DELIGHTS OF THE FIELD.

OF horses and hounds, who scud swift o'er the plain,
 Praise has oft wing'd its notes to the sky ;
 While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
 And join'd in the Huntsman's full cry :

My voice I'll attune then, the chace grace my song,
 For nought can compare to its joys !
 O'er mountain, thro' valley we spank it along,
 With tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys !

II.

'Tis exercise ever gives health its warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest,
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,
 When, return'd, plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice, &c.

III.

Our hounds, truly train'd, are of excellent breed,
 (Brother sportsmen I'm yours while I've breath,)
 Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice, &c.

IV.

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of old,
 Be permitted to view our domain,
 Our horses, our hounds, and our Huntsmen so bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.
 My voice, &c.

MY JOURNEY IS LOVE.

A BALLAD.

WHEN I was at home, as the lark I was gay.

That warbles so wantonly sweet in the spring :

At the plough, or at thrashing I'd labour all day,

Or when driving my team, how I'd whistle and sing!

Spruce Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid ;

But she from our village unkindly did rove ;

So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,

I be com'd up to Town, and my Journey is Love.

II.

Over head I was fous'd in affection, I vow,

Nor morn, noon, or night could a gay moment bring

At thrashing, at driving the team or the plough,

No more the blyth lay could I whistle or sing ;

For Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid ;

And she from our village unkindly did rove ;

So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,

I be com'd up to Town, and my Journey is Love.

III.

She was kind to me once, aye, as kind as she's fair ;

In her ears love-lorn ditties I'd frequently ding,

Which she would admire ; and I vow and declare

She was pleas'd with the notes that I'd whistle and sing

Efeggs !

Efeggs ! then I thought her my own pretty maid ;
 But away from our village unkindly did rove ;
 So finding her gone, and my hopes all betrayed,
 I be com'd up to Town, and my *Journey is Love.*

BEN BLOCK ;

OR, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

A BALLAD.

I was press'd, while a rowing so happy,
 No matter—'twas nonsense to grieve !
 So, to drown care, with grog I got nappy ;
 Yet sigh'd my sweet Kitty to leave ;
 But what hurt me most, were those ninnies,
 On whom I had thought to depend :
 For I wish'd to raise Kate a few guineas,
 But found I had got ne'er a Friend !

II.

When abroad, why, I troubled a shipmate
 A note to my sweetheart to write ;
 Which in doing, he somehow, a slip made :
 His own tale of love did indite !
 So when I at Battersea landed,
 (He'd patter'd her so to his end,)
 I learnt he my frigate commanded,
 And found I had got ne'er a friend !

III.

When again on the salt seas in motion,
 The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar !
 And friendship I found on the ocean
 As scant as I left it on shore !
 We were wreck'd ; but my tale little matters,
 While messmates to Davy descend,—
 I escap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,
 And found I had got ne'er a friend !

IV,

Yet still to all fear, I was stranger :
 In battle (where death tips the grin)
 Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
 'Till a musquet ball splinter'd my fin ;
 Well away to the Cock-pit I hobble,
 Where so many customers 'tend,
 That the surgeon, to save further trouble,
 Lopp'd it off, damme, not like a friend !

V.

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
 I find, laid in Greenwich snug dock,
 My messmates are true, honest hearted,
 And each wishes well to Ben Block ;

The rear of my life glides on chearly,
 In a calm, here, my moments I'll end :
 I have fought for my king late and early,
 And, blefs him ! the king is my friend.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

KNIVES, penknives to grind, my good mafter :
 Sweet miftreffes, feiffars to grind ;
 See, fafter, and fafter, and fafter,
 Whurr, whurr, fpins the wheel ;
 Fitz, fitz, fsparkles the fteel ;
 And I fet them to your mind.

II.

Maids, pretty maids, come to the Grinder,
 Say, who to the girls can be kinder
 Than he, who can grind, and can fmg ?
 Your carving, and mincing, and chopping knives, bring
 See fafter, &c.

III.

Come, bring carpenters' hatchets, for chipping ;
 I fet taylors' fhears for nice fknipping ;
 Likewise, fhoe-makers' heels, cutlers' knives,
 As fharp and as keen as the tongues of their wives.
 See, fafter, &c.

I NEVER WILL MARRY.

A BALLAD,

As gay as a lark, and as blyth as a bee,
 Handsome, generous, sprightly, and young;
 Cheeks glowing with pleasure, eyes sparkling with glee,
 And a voice like the nightingale's song,
 As fond as a sparrow, as true as a dove,
 Must be the sweet swain, whose vows I'll ne'er parry;
 Convinc'd of his constancy, give love for love,
 But, by goles, till I am—why I never will Marry.

II.

He ne'er with neglect his fond lass should upbraid,
 Nor by chance for a time we should part;
 Nor distant, his features would run in my head,
 And his form ever reign in my heart:
 And fancy in dreams should his absence supply;
 And, believe me, I mean not much longer to tarry,
 Joking apart, I've a lad in my eye,
 By goles, if I han't—why I never will Marry.

III.

On the lawn, t'other day, as I joyously sped,
 Young Jemmy trick'd out not amiss,
 Light as a fawn to o'ertake me his tread.)
 seiz'd my hand and entreated a kiss;

I frown'd

I frown'd—he persisted—and breath'd love so sweet,
 That somehow I promis'd, a little unwary,
 To church both would trip it the next time we meet :
 Aye, by goles if we don't—why, I never will Marry.

THE COBLER.

A BALLAD.

A psalm or a song singing Cobler be I,
 Who cares not a snap for the proudest ;
 I jokes in my stall with the girls passing by,
 And hammers away with the loudest :
 My sole's made of right honest, well-wearing stuff,
 And my upper leathers can't be surpass'd ;
 As the very best tann'd hide, why my merry heart's tough,
 First of coblers I stick to my last.
 With hammer, awl, and sharp'ning hone,
 Wax-end, strap, pegs, and paring knife ;
 Bristles, thread and lapstone,
 The Cobler leads a jolly life,
 Singing loudly all the while to make his work go merry,
 Tol de rol, derry down, and hey down derry.

II.

When a bachelor spruce, all the giggish young tits,
 With their eyes a love story would tell ;
 Says I that wo'nt do, girl, that shoe never fits ;
 'Till at last I got tack'd to my Nell :

What

What thof now and then Doctor Strap give advice,
 Our quarrels are unmix'd with gall ;
 A kifs and a fmile makes it up in a trice :
 I'm Nell's, and my Nell is my all.
 With hammer, &c.

III.

I was ax'd by a mafter to dine at his fhop,
 Who'd a deuce of a quarrelsome wife,
 Who made the houfe shake, aye from bottom to top—
 A vixen fhe was to the life !
 In her tantrams her fpoufe fwore he'd kick her (he was
 Out of doors if no ftranger was by ; [vex'd]
 If feeing the gentleman and his lady fo perplex'd.
 Cry'd, " Don't make a ftranger of I.
 With hammer, &c.

MAY LOYALTY FLOURISH FOR EVER.

LET mirth pipe all fhipmates to join in my fave ;
 'Tis England, Old England's my boaft,
 Whofe ifland is fertile, whofe children are brave,
 And whofe wooden walls watch o'er her coaft :
 May envy, or difcord, ne'er fhiver her fail.
 But fortitude fteer each endeavour ;
 On fea and on fhorc let us unity hail,
 And Loyalty flourish for ever.

Huzza !

II. To

II.

To heave off a ditty ; a tar, boys, may try,
 Though out in your musical tunes :
 Our chorus, three cheers, makes an enemy fly,
 When set to the sound of our guns.
 Our sweet serenading's a jolly broadside,
 To drub Albion's foes our endeavour :
 Death, when fighting for country and king, we deride ;—
 May Loyalty flourish for ever.

Huzza !

III.

We harmony prize, love and friendship's a charm ;
 And though o'er old Ocean we roam,
 We keep time in action, though never so warm,
 Then, zounds ! keep in tune, boys, at home,
 'Bout ship wheel the grog, to ourselves let's be true,
 Old Neptune will bless each endeavour ;
 The Royal George loudly be cheer'd by her crew,
 And Loyalty flourish for ever !

Huzza !

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

A BALLAD.

OH, think on my fate ! once I Freedom enjoy'd,
 Was as happy as happy could be—

was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate
 To tear me from her I adore ;
 When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,
 I sigh !—while I tug at the Oar.

II.

Hard, hard is my fare !—Oh, how galling my chain !
 My life's steer'd by Misery's chart.
 And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart :
 I disdain e'en to shrink tho' I feel the sharp lash ;
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore :
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
 I sigh !—and still tug at the Oar.

III.

How Fortune deceives !—I had pleasure in tow.
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view,
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
 And, dear Anne ! I was hurried from you.
 Our Shallop was boarded, and I borne away
 To behold my dear Anna no more !
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay—
 He sigh'd and expir'd at the Oar !

WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I of feeling won't boast.—I've no more than my share,
 Yet humanity bleeds when a friend is distress'd,
 Who in sorrow's sad moment made friendship his care,
 And bade the bright sunshine of hope cheer my breast
 When law's iron hand on by cruelty led,
 In a darksome abode me disgracefully penn'd,
 A school-mate, whom pity inspir'd, thither stray'd,
 Gave me freedom, and prov'd himself more than a friend

II.

Recollection reveal'd, that in youth's early hour
 My Saviour he'd been ; when with billows at strife
 I was whirl'd down the eddy, and aid did implore,
 He plung'd in, and risking his own, sav'd my life.
 Again, when a ruffian, who conscience had brav'd,
 And dar'd 'gainst the fiat of justice offend.
 His weapon to murder had rais'd,—me he sav'd ;
 And gratitude warm'd my full heart to my friend.

III.

But, Pelican like, the fair, generous mind
 Feeds the suppliant brood with its own vital stream ;
 My friend to the wretched had oft prov'd so kind,
 Liberality made all his wealth but a dream :

Haggard

Haggard ruin approach'd, with its heart-rending pains,
 O'er the straw I had quitted his form did extend ;
 I flew to console him—but lacking the means,
 Did but gaze, and alas ! could not speak to my friend.

IV.

I read all the workings of passion and grief,
 The just indignation that flash'd from his eye,
 His bosom was bursting—a tear gave relief—
 And the stab of ingratitude forc'd a deep sigh !
 That Misfortune such worth should so harshly assail—
 But who 'gainst the will of stern fate dare contend ?
 He droop'd—but I'll over his doom draw a veil,
 For my heart sure will break when I think on my friend.



F I N I S.



